THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poem.

ALICE LEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HOWARD STANLEY.

Oh, weary are the summer days,
And weary are the hours,
Unheard the song-birds' merry lays,
Unseen the painted flowers;
For far away where unconfined,
The prairie stretches free,
Is she who stole my peace of mind,
Sweet, gentle Alice Lee.

She looked too timid to be loved,
Few words she had to say,
She stirred the air not when she moved,
Such was her gentle way;
And till the parting end had come,
I thought my heart still free,
Nor dreamed content would leave my home
With lovely Alice Lee.

But she is gone, and I am left
To mourn my hapless state;
A monarch of his crown bereft,
Knows not so hard a fate.
For I was happier than a king,
Content as man could be,
Until, a spring flower, with the spring
She fled, sweet Alice Lee.

One hope alone is left me now,
One star within my night,
That gone, I fall, a broken bough,
Withered with early blight.
But be she kind my heart will burst
Like an o'erflowing sea,
And bless the happy hour when first
I met with Alice Lee.

Original Tales.

THE WHITE LADY;
Or, the Haunted Mansion.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. HUGHS, AUTHOR OF AUNT MARY'S TALES, ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED, &c.

CHAPTER II.

Balgay, the mansion which had been the residence of the Dunlops almost from time immemorial, stood

"High embower'd in tufted trees,"

and was an irregular assemblage of buildings erected at different periods, and in every variety of style, which had a strangely incongruous though not a disagreeable effect to the eye. It had a very venerable appearance, as if far advanced on the shady side of life, though it seemed yet to have resolution and strength enough remaining to battle for a long time against the wind and weather. The central or main part of the building was evidently much more ancient and elaborate in design and intricacy of parts than the others, which were so unceremoniously, as it were, jostled against it. Time had laid his heavy hand upon it, but yet more had "war's disastrous chance" defeated the fair design. The gateway was of rich gothic, but low, and had formerly led into a court-yard of considerable extent, but now filled with a variety of offices. The main door of the mansion was on the right side of the gateway, and seemed to have been formed by cutting through the solid wall, for the mouldings of the gothic work were cut square off, and no attempt had been made to harmonize this modern innovation with the old design. A stair of ten or twelve steps formed of granite, led into a gallery of singular beauty and richness, though the effect was disturbed by the rude touches of time. It was lighted by what had been originally fine painted windows, some of the panes of which still remained to show the wonders of ancient art, whilst the places of others were supplied by common glass, and looked like wretched patches upon a fine garment. Modern doors were pierced, as if at random, through rich ornamental carvings and coats of arms, and quaint devices were most barbarously severed wherever they stood in the way of modern improvement, or rather what seemed to have been a rage for alteration. But the original building had suffered so many cruel and extensive amputations, that the successive Lairds, as they added a leg here, or an arm there, were obliged to connect these unfortunate and unseemly members with that part of the main body which had withstood all the shocks of war and time, the best way they could, and in so doing, had often performed the operation most unskilfully. Monkbarns would have been in alternate ecstacies of joy and anger—joy at the discovery of so rich a mine of antiquities, and anger at what he would have called their shocking desecration. From the gallery a large gothic door led into an adjoining hall of much ancient, though decayed splendor, but where the effect was better preserved, as it had been less subject to the altering hand of the owners. The walls were covered with tapestry exhibiting various scenes of the holy wars, where grim knights in complete armor stood with angry scowl and uplifted sabre, as if ready to revenge the intrusion of those who came to disturb their solemn silence. Blanche was in ecstacies with all she saw, for it was the first time she had ever had an opportunity of so minute an examination of anything so perfectly gothic. But when Helen led the way up a wide but gloomy staircase, with arched roof and oaken steps black with time, to a gallery corresponding with that beneath, and opened a door from it into what she called the gothic chamber, in which she said she believed her great, great grandfather had been born, Blanche's delight was increased tenfold; and running to one of the deep embrasured windows, she uttered a scream of ecstatic surprise at the magnificence of the view which met her eye, and which was in such perfect keeping with the proud grandeur of the spot on which she stood. The Tay winding through a rich and beautiful valley to the ocean—the fertile shores of Fife in full view, and the spires of classic Saint Andrew's peeping afar off from among the trees, which had not yet received all their summer garniture. A ruined castle at the mouth of the river threw its broad shadows over a small fishing village, while off at sea, diminished to mere specks, might be seen the frail bark of those who ply the trade of the Apostles before they became fishers of men. Close to the village rose abruptly, what in Holland would be called a mountain, but which in that land of mountains might be more properly denominated a hill. Numerous flocks were grazing on its sides, and the summit was crowned with the ruins of some ancient "*Strength*," and in the distance the sky line was broken by the Grampion Hills, which were still wrapped in their mantles of snow.

"My dear Helen," said Blanche, as she looked and looked again at all these various objects of delight, "do you think your mamma will allow me to occupy this chamber while I stay?"

"Certainly, if you would prefer it to one of the more modern ones," replied her friend. "But remember, you will be a long way from the rest of the family; and mamma dislikes so to have me away from her at nights that I should be sorry to leave her any longer."

"Nor would I have you to do so, dear Helen! Cowardice was never, you know, a part of my character; and I shall be delighted above everything to familiarize myself with all the old fashioned objects that will surround me. That low bedstead, with its massy damask hangings and gilded cornices, those straight-backed chairs, 'uneasy to the loins,' as Cowper says, and those tables which seem to have been made so heavy on purpose that they might never be of any use. And should any of those eccentric beings that Scott so often describes, a Meg Merrilies, for instance, or a Flibberty Gibbet or any such, choose to visit me here, I shall rejoice that my company and my reception chamber are in such excellent keeping."

"Well, I am very sure mamma will have no objection to your having your wish, and I believe there is no danger of your being disturbed by any uninvited guests, though Nancy, one of the maids, did once, when mamma had sent her to this room for something that she wanted, come back and say she durst not go into the room, for she had seen something white go in before her; but whether it was a white dog, or a white cat, or what is more likely still, a white owl, I never heard, for I never had the curiosity to inquire."

"As I do not think I am likely to see anything whiter than myself," said Blanche, laughing, "I will run the risk of whatever I may chance to meet. So now let us go with our request to your mother."

Mrs. Dunlop was dignified and lady-like, though rather cold in her manners, but as Blanche had frequently seen her while Helen was at school, for she had preferred going herself up to London, to bringing her daughter home, her manners had a less unpleasant effect than they would otherwise have had on her visitor's frank and ardent temperament. She had only two children—a son and a daughter—and as the young Laird of Balgay was at present on his travels, she would during Helen's absence have been entirely alone, but for an orphan nephew of her husband, whom she had brought up from infancy, and who, in consequence of having had the misfortune when quite a child to lose one of his legs, had been treated with a degree of tenderness and indulgence that would have spoiled any disposition less naturally amiable than his; but as it was, he was now, at the age of sixteen, frank, open-hearted, generous and affectionate; but full of mischief, and ready at all times to enter into every species of frolic and nonsense. He was extravagantly fond of his cousin Helen, yet always ready to teaze her wherever he could find a vulnerable point, yet sincerely sorry if he found that his teazing had given her any serious pain. As he had been absent when Helen and her friend arrived, Blanche and he had not yet met, when they went in search of Mrs. Dunlop.

The desired arrangement for Blanche's sleeping apartment being soon made, she and Helen were about to return to the Gothic Chamber, whither Blanche's trunks and boxes had been ordered when the youth in question entered the room.

"This is Fergus Maclean," said Helen turning to her friend, and pointing at the same time to her cousin, "our spoiled boy of whom you have so often heard me speak."

"Now I'm greatly obligated, Helen," said the boy with an air of mock gravity, and speaking with a broad Scotch accent, which he always did when he wanted to plague his cousin; "for after hearing such a misnomer applied to me, Miss Blanche will only be the more struck with my good sense and prudence when we become better acquainted."

"But how do you expect to become better acquainted if you speak in that manner?" asked Helen, "you might as well speak to her in the Sanscrit language."

"Oh, no! indeed!" cried Blanche, "I am not such an ignoramus, Fergus! I assure you! I did not read Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd for years with a glossary by my side, to be in so woful a state of ignorance now. I can translate the written language with great ease, and am come here to improve myself in pronunciation."

"There now Heelen think o' that," exclaimed Fergus, his eyes dancing with delight. "You see Miss Blanche is already sensible of the melody of our euphoneous language, and when we hear it from her beautiful lips we shall think it sweeter than ever. Ye ken, Heelen, I have often told you if ye wad stand before a glass and look at yoursel while you spoke Scotch, ye wad never utter an English accent more."

"If the Scotch language be the language of flattery, you are certainly a complete master of it," said Blanche laughing, as she and Helen proceeded up stairs to make arrangement for her taking possession of the gothic chamber. The novelty of everything around her was for some time of considerable advantage to Blanche's spirits, and though a weight still pressed upon her heart, it did not produce such exquisite pain as at first, indeed she even began almost to persuade herself that she might have been mistaken in her suspicions, yet when she recalled to her recollection the manner in which Beaumont had expressed himself the last time they were together, when he talked of the uncertainty of his fate, an uncertainty which evidently did not depend upon herself, and requested her to secure to him the confidence of her friend; she felt that it was but too easy to determine in whose hands that fate rested; but yet, if she could by the motion of her hand have made the decision different from what she knew he wished it to be, she would not, for the world, have raised a finger for the purpose. Her only prayer, therefore, was to be enabled to bear the change in her prospects with meekness and resignation, and be endowed with sufficient self command to keep her secret locked up in her own bosom, and not to embitter the happiness of those she so fondly loved with a knowledge of her sufferings. After having offered up prayers to this effect, she laid herself down night after night on her sumptuous but antique couch with the expectation of pressing a sleepless pillow, but such was the effect of the keen mountain air, that the morning came almost without her being conscious of having been in bed. One night, however, she was awakened by a noise, she scarcely knew from what, and on raising her head she saw the waving of the white dress of some one who was just quitting the room. Concluding it was Helen who had been in the chamber for something she wanted, she thought no more of the circumstance but sunk almost immediately to sleep; and when in the morning Helen came in a hurried manner into the breakfast-room to beg that she and Fergus would sit down to their meal, without waiting, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill in the night, and she was unable to leave her, she was so convinced of the truth of her conjecture, that she did not think it worth while to question her on the subject, but preferred leaving her under the belief that she had entered the chamber without having disturbed her. The next night, however, she again awoke, she scarcely knew from what cause, and putting the bed clothes gently from her face with her hand, she looked up and to her infinite astonishment beheld a female standing within the embrasure of the window. It was an exceedingly bright moonlight night, and the silvery rays fell directly upon the person of the extraordinary visitor, so that both features and form were distinctly defined. She seemed to be a female that might still be said to be young, for she did not appear to have reached the age of more than three or four and twenty. Her features were exceedingly beautiful, and Blanche could not but imagine that she saw an evident resemblance in them to those of Helen. The most deathlike paleness, however, pervaded the face and though the expression of the countenance was that of extreme melancholy united with great sweetness, it was that motionless sort of expression which is visible only in death, the eyes alone destroying that look of sweet composure that we so often witness in a corpse, for instead of being closed in sleep, they were wide open, and had so unnatural a degree of prominence, and such a fixed glassy glare, that they made the otherwise peculiarly beautiful face almost frightful. Her form was rather above the middle stature, and covered with a loose white robe fastened round the neck, but in every other part wholly unconfined; the hair which was exceedingly black was so long as to reach considerably below the waist, and being parted on the forehead, hung round the neck and shoulders like a black mantle. The hands which were of a death-like whiteness were spread one over the other on the bosom, and the whole might have been taken for a piece of statuary had it not been for the glare of the eyes, and the consciousness that no such object had been there an hour or two before.

Blanche had studied Scott and Hogg too profoundly not to have a tincture of superstition in her composition so that her mind was fully prepared for receiving the impressions that were now made upon it. Fear, however, had no part in the emotions that were excited. "I never wilfully offended my Maker or a fellow creature," said she inwardly, "why then should I be afraid?" The most prominent idea of her mind was that Mrs. Dunlop had expired, and that this was her disembodied spirit still lingering round the precincts of her earthly home before it took its flight, and she half resolved to rise and go to that lady's chamber to see if such were the case, but was deterred by the fear of giving unnecessary alarm, as well as a sort of conviction that this was not the first visit that the same being had made to the gothic chamber. She determined therefore to lie perfectly still and watch the result, and as she gazed and grew more familiar with the unpleasant glare of the eye, she became perfectly in love with the otherwise angelic purity and grace of the being before her.

After standing at least half an hour in this fixed attitude, apparently gazing on the moon, the figure began to move, and walking with a slow measured step, with the hands still in the same position it quitted the room, the door being open, and without closing it, and as it disappeared, Blanche springing lightly from the bed hastened to the door, where she saw it pacing in the same manner the long gallery, becoming every now and then more distinct as it passed the small windows that admitted the light of the moon, until it was at length lost in obscurity as it reached the extremity of the gallery. Blanche returned to bed, and strange as it may appear to more timid natures, it was not very long before she was again asleep; for such was the steadfast trust of the amiable girl in the love and protection of the Almighty, that she felt assured if the disembodied spirit were allowed to linger in this earthly world, it was for some good purpose, and she resigned herself into His hands, with the full reliance of her pure and confiding heart.

In the morning, Nancy, the girl to whom Helen referred, as having seen something white enter the gothic chamber, was sent by her young mistress to see if Blanche required any assistance in dressing, as she herself was unable to come up stairs to her friend as she was in the habit of doing, for her mother required her constant attention; and as the girl came into the room she shut the door in a mysterious manner, and speaking in a half whisper, she said, "Miss Blanche, ha' ye seen aut o' the White Lady yet?"

"What White Lady?" asked Blanche, evading the girl's question.

"Eh! ye ha' no seen her, or ye wad na need to ask the question," returned Nancy, still speaking in a mysterious tone of voice. "But there is a ghaist wanders about this auld part o' the ha, as sure as ever there was one any way. I got a glimpse of her once mysel, just as she was coming into this very chamber, and Judy Cairns saw it another time; and oh! Miss Blanche! it was a fearfu' sight. She was a' white over, wi long black hair hanging about her shouthers, I thought I wad ha' dropt down dead, I was so frightened!"

"I do not see that there was anything so frightful in seeing a lady dressed in white," said Blanche, smiling; "You see me now all in white, and with my hair hanging about my shoulders, and though my hair is not black, I do not know that light hair is any less frightful than dark."

"Oh! Miss Blanche!" returned the girl, in a serious tone of remonstrance; "It's no canny to make a joke o' sik things; and ye may take my word for it, when ye ha' ance seen her, ye'll never wish to come into this chamber again."

"Well! when you find that I have changed my apartment, you may then conclude that I have *seen* the White Lady; but till then, I would advise you not to trouble yourself about her," said Blanche, desirous of quieting the fears of the timid and ignorant girl.

* * * * * *

As Mrs. Dunlop's illness still continued, and confined her daughter almost entirely to her chamber, Blanche was left to amuse herself as she best could, for though she would gladly have shared with her friend the task of attending on the invalid, she had too much discernment not to see that the natural reserve of Mrs. Dunlop made it unpleasant to her to receive assistance from any hands but those of her daughter. Had Blanche, however, been in a happier state of mind, she could have spent days and days in uninterrupted enjoyment in rambling over scenes so new, so beautiful, and so highly romantic; but busy fancy was too active in conjuring up subjects of anxiety, to allow any scenes to give her much pleasure, and she wandered about, frequently too absorbed in her own painful train of reflections, to be even conscious that she was gazing upon objects that would, at another time, have filled her whole soul with delight.

Under the influence of one of these states of abstraction, as if simply to overpower the emotions of the mind by the violence of some bodily exertion, she began to ascend the high hill to which we have before alluded, and as the side on which she began to climb was very precipitous, it required no small effort to get to the top. But the more violent the effort, the more grateful it seemed to her feelings, and when at length she had accomplished the undertaking, she sat down breathless and exhausted, to survey the magnificent prospect that her elevated situation presented to her view. The superiority of this view, over that from her chamber window, consisted in its affording a much wider and more distinct view of the sea: but as that vast and magnificent object was perfectly new to her, for she had never, until she came into Scotland, had an opportunity of seeing the ocean; it was in itself sufficient to engross her attention, and she sat watching its mighty waves dashing as if indignantly against the rocks, or running along the sands, as if eager to sweep whatever was within their reach into their unfathomable bed: and as she gazed, her ideas of the vast Power that could say to those proud waves "Be still," and could walk upon those mighty waters as upon dry land, expanded till she felt herself but as a drop in that immense world of water, and the ejaculation, "What am I that thou should'st be mindful of me!" burst from her lips, in all the humility of a gentle and subdued spirit. "And yet," said she, with animation, "He will not bruise the broken reed! Let me but retain my trust in His sustaining power, and He will support and comfort me. Who knows but He has sent that mysterious being to perform some friendly office, for that any evil can be connected with a countenance so angelic is impossible. At all events I may learn, from the deep melancholy impressed upon that beautiful face, that, at an age, but very little exceeding my own, the unsettled spirit that now wanders about, unable to find a resting place, had suffered, when in the flesh, calamities of the most cruel nature, and why, therefore, should I hope to be exempt?"

After spending hours in reflections such as these, Blanche began to think there might be some alarm at her long absence, and rose to return home. But if the task of ascending had been a difficult one, that of attempting to descend was, she found, infinitely more so. A long succession of cold winds had withered and dried up the thin covering of herbage on the sides of the almost precipitous hill, and her shoe-soles had become so smooth and slippery in ascending, that she felt every step she took as if in danger of rushing headlong to the bottom. She sat down and tried to slide gently, little by little, taking hold of the tufts of heather that were near her, to keep herself from going with too much velocity, but the earth was so dry that the plants had no fastening in it, but gave way to the slightest impulse. At length become perfectly nervous at the danger of her ineffectual efforts, she sat perfectly at a loss what course to take, when, to her infinite relief, she saw a gentleman ascending and evidently making his way towards her. He clambered up with so much agility that he reached her in a very few minutes, and saying that he saw the difficulty she was in, begged to be permitted to assist her in descending. This he did in a manner that showed him to be well accustomed to such places as that over which he conducted her; and by the strength of his arm and the firmness of his foot he supported her whilst she half slid down the slippery precipice. When arrived at the bottom he walked on by her side, conversing upon the scenery around and various other matters of a similar nature till arrived at the precincts of the woods of Balgay, when he politely bowed his adieu and left her. When she got into the house she found Helen in considerable alarm at her long absence, and Fergus just setting off in search of her. On relating her adventure it was a subject of various conjecture who the gentleman could be that had come so timely to her aid. Fergus insisted it must be the Laird of Dumlog, but when he described his hero as being rather short, and what might be called stiff made, with sandy hair and fiery red whiskers, Blanche soon undeceived him by telling him that her knight was tall and gracefully formed, with dark hair, dark whiskers, and a fine, though melancholy cast of countenance.

"Oh! I'm sorry it was na the laird;" said Fergus, "I ha' been expecting him every day since ye came. He has a wonderfu' talent at discovering where the beautiful and the rich are to be found; and ye wad be greatly entertained at his discourse."

"At his stupidity rather," said Helen, smiling.

"Ah! but Helen, ye ken he has many fine words, though he does na always ken how to use them. When Helen first came home," continued the lively boy, addressing Blanche, "he was determined to make up to her at once, so he came and apologized for not coming sooner by saying that a *conglomeration* of circumstances had prevented him; and another time he said he was sure she must be fond of riding, as she was so excellent a *pedestrian*. But the poor fellow though not overstocked with sense, soon found that all his fine words were of no use, so he gave up the business as hopeless. But I wad like weel for him to come and see ye, Miss Blanche, and will invite him the first time I see him."

"Oh! I beg you will spare both him and me," said Blanche, laughing, "for I have no taste for such learned society." Helen now invited her friend to accompany her to her mother's chamber.

When night came Blanche retired with a determination to watch for her nocturnal visitor, and lay arguing with herself whether it would be proper or otherwise, on Mrs. Dunlop's recovery, to inform her and Helen of the extraordinary circumstance, but not knowing how they might be affected by being informed of what they were at present, evidently, totally ignorant of, and fearing that it might destroy their comfort in a house of which they were so fond, she resolved not to say anything about it, unless something very different from what had hitherto occurred should take place. At length fatigued with the exertions of the day, and the constant struggle that she had with herself to keep up anything like a cheerful flow of spirits, she was just sinking to sleep, when the sound of the opening of the door roused her to consciousness and she lay watching the appearance of the mysterious being. The same measured step crossed the floor, and the same figure, in precisely the same attitude, entered the embrasure of the window, and stood as on the previous night, as if gazing at the moon. The bed was so completely in the shade, and stood so much hidden behind the massy stone projections of the walls that supported the arching roof, that Blanche could raise herself sufficiently to have a distinct view, without any fear of being seen. After a shorter stay than on the night before, this extraordinary being left the room, when Blanche again hastened to the door, and saw it proceed along the gallery and then disappear as before. Still more accustomed to the unearthly glare of the eye, Blanche was more than ever impressed with the sweet and heavenly expression of the countenance, and she felt that it was impossible to be sensible of anything but love and confidence in a being that looked so pure and holy. Night after night, these visits were continued, till the enthusiastic girl became so accustomed to them that when they happened to be a little later than usual she almost felt afraid of their being withheld; and though the moon got so far beyond the full, as to be too late of rising to throw her light upon the interesting visitor, in that northern climate,

"Where the sun's lingering ray
"Streaks with gold the horizon till dawns the new day,"

there was always sufficient light to make the object distinctly visible, and as obscurity invariably adds to the sublime, the softened light seemed only to give increased interest to the visits of this mysterious being.

Mrs. Dunlop was now sufficiently recovered to leave her room and mix again with the family, and Helen was of course more at liberty to pay attention to her visitor. But Blanche soon discovered that the mind of her friend was but little more at ease than her own—a heavy weight seemed to hang over her spirit, and she had a constant and almost sickening anxiety for the arrival of letters. As they lived several miles from a post town, it was the business of one of Mrs. Dunlop's pensioners, who was too old for hard labor, to go daily for their letters and bring them to the hall. One morning, though May was pretty far advanced, they were all surprised to find the ground covered to a considerable depth with snow, while the large flakes were still falling very fast. Helen seemed particularly disconcerted at the sight, and repeatedly expressed her fear that Robin, though he might get to the post-office, as the road there was more open, would never be able to get to the hall on his return. Watching the fall of the snow and forming conjectures about its probable depth was her chief employment the principal part of the day, and at length she exclaimed, apparently in a fit of despair, "Robin will never get here to-day! He was so nearly lost in a snow-drift last year, that Ailsie will not let him come, I am sure; and there is not a single man about the place to-day to send to his house."

"I will go!" said Fergus, starting up as he spoke.

"My dear Fergus," returned his cousin, "you do not consider that with your wooden leg it would be impossible for you to get through the snow, and no horse can go along the narrow path that leads to Robin's house. But," she added as Nancy happened at that moment to enter the room, "lend Nancy a pair of your boots and she can go. She is strong and can easily plunge through the snow."

"But you dinna consider Heelen," and mischief glanced in his eye as he spoke, "that I only wear one boot."

"But you have several of them, and two ones will make a pair."

"But then," said the boy, assuming a look of great gravity, "they are all made for the right foot, so that Nancy would have always to go to the right, and would assuredly get to the 'Witch's Bush' instead of to Robin's."

"And indeed if that be the gate I wad ha' to gang, Master Fergus," said Nancy, "ye maun just gang yourself."

"But you can easily avoid it, Nancy!" returned the mischief loving boy, still wearing a look of great seriousness, "by taking care always to turn your left foot well out every step you take. You know your toes are so fond of each other that they have a great fancy always to come together, but only take good care of your left foot and I'll insure you getting safely enough to Robin's." Nancy was soon equipped with the boots, and set out, followed to the door by Fergus, who kept calling to her as long as he could be heard, "to take care of her left foot;" whilst the girl, every step she took, gave her foot a turn out that would have satisfied the most fastidious dancing-master.

It was difficult to tell whether Blanche or Helen spent the time most anxiously during the girl's absence. The constant struggle with her feelings which Blanche had to undergo, had produced considerable effect on her, at all times, delicate frame, for the ardour of her mind seemed at all times too powerful for the strength of her body; and the perpetual effort which she had to make to conceal the canker-worm that was forever gnawing at her heart, began to produce a feverish excitement, which the regular nocturnal visits that she received, tended in no small degree to increase, for, though she did not feel the slightest shade of fear on these occasions, there was an awe, a solemnity, in thus having a glimpse of a being belonging to another world, that might have affected in no small degree, a much less excitable mind than that which Blanche possessed. The evident uneasy state of Helen's mind too, since she was relieved from anxiety on her mother's account, added very materially to her uneasiness, and she found herself forming continual conjectures about the letters, which were looked for with so much impatience.

"Miss Blanche! Miss Blanche!" cried Fergus, who had been keeping watch for Nancy's return, "do, just come to the door for a minute!" Blanche, who was ever ready to oblige, obeyed the summons, and had her mind been more at ease than it was, she was naturally too much alive to the ludicrous not to have joined heartily in Fergus's laugh, as Nancy appeared, pausing every step, though far, now, from the Witch's Well, lest, as Fergus would have it, she should flisk round again and get to it after all.

"There's the letters, Miss Blanche," said the girl, when she had got up to them, "will you please to take them into the parlor, for cold as the day is, I ha' na a dry rag on me, for these butes ha' led me sic a dance!" As she spoke, she held out the packet of letters, and as Blanche cast her eye on them, the word "Scotland" was visible on one that stood a little further out than the rest, and was written in characters that were as familiar to her as were the features of the writer. He said "I should either see or hear from him, as soon as his fate was decided," thought she, as she took the letters out of Nancy's hand, with almost a certainty that the letter was for her, but what were her emotions, when in slipping the other letters from off the one in question, she found it to be directed to Miss Helen Dunlop. Scarcely able to speak, or even to stand, she took a letter that had her own superscription in her mother's hand writing, and making a violent effort to speak so as not to excite Fergus's attention, she told the girl she had better take the letters herself to Miss Helen, that she might have the pleasure of receiving her thanks for her exertion, and then hastened to shut herself up in her own room, in a state of mind that can be much more easily imagined than described.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Original Sonnet.

TO ——.
WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If thou wert less superior to vain show,
Less mindful of God's inward visiting,
Did high and holy thought light not thy brow,
Nor Honor sit thereon a crowned king—
Could the strong feeling that has filled my heart,
Heaving and swelling like a prisoned sea,
Forth to the open day so fearless start,
A mingled gush of love to God and thee:
Oh, no! it is because I see no flaw
In thy clear sense of right, which warns from sin,
That hope and trust become my bosom's law,
Joy in our plighted faith grows bold within:
Because I know, and in my spirit feel,
That in all holy thoughts our souls unite,
And we, though severed wide, together kneel,
With brows all bathed in Heaven's down streaming light;
Our Maker's smile descending brightly warm,
And round about us flung His great and loving arm!

IDA.

A Pleasant Tale.

THE TABLEAU VIVANT;
OR,
The Philopena.

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

"Heigho! it is impossible to suit oneself," said a lovely girl, despairingly, after looking through portefeuille, annual and print, on the table, and tossing the last from her, "I have half a mind to give up the search, but, no, I cannot—yet what tableau shall I take?"

"*N'importe!* it will surely be an angelic one," said a voice, which Helen knew to be her cousin's.

"Aubrey! eavesdropper!"

"Nay, Helen, how could I, when I came in unperceived, disturb that pretty listlessness, or sweeter revery? Let me select the prettiest for you—yet I already despair of finding anything worthy of such 'sweet excellence.'"

So saying, he commenced ransacking the portefeuille, and rejecting all, had nearly given up the search, when a really exquisite design caught and quickly riveted his attention. It was of a girl, with a sweetly pensive expression from her downcast eye, seated with her beautifully rounded arms encircling the neck of a noble-looking hound, which was standing on a pedestal looking earnestly up into the face of his mistress; behind her, on a pedestal, was the boy-god, leaning on her shoulder, and mischievously and contemptuously pointing to the hound—underneath were written the words, "*Ah, s'il etait aussi fidele!*" (Ah, if *he* were as faithful!) which the maiden is supposed to say, alluding to the faithlessness and fickleness of love, and the fidelity of the dog.

"Enchanting! exquisite!" exclaimed Aubrey; "search all the print shops, you'll never find anything half so lovely. It is almost worthy—Helen. You shall have Castor—he stands as still as Castor and Pollux in marble."

"But Cupid?"

"True," said Aubrey, and those words seemed to have jarred and caused to vibrate some discordant string; for, after a pause, he said, with much warmth, "true, Cupid *died long ago!*"

"Yes," said Helen; "some day last winter, during the *pressure*."

"Longer still," sighed Aubrey; and he added with bitterness, "there are those who think he long since snapped his strings in despair of ever piercing another heart, and, like Niobe, wept himself to stone."

"Oh, he did, he did, and his little image stands on the pedestal in my own boudoir," said the gay and thoughtless, but really affectionate girl, clapping her little hands together in her beautiful glee; "we can have the *semblance*, if not the *reality*, in the tableau."

"Out upon the *semblance*, and *reality* there is none," said Aubrey; and he added, in a low and melancholy tone, "What is love, 'but a name—a shade that follows wealth or fame!' Is it not so, Helen? should I not deem it so?"

Now, of all persons in her little world, Aubrey St. Clair was the last among all her very dear friends, with whom, just at that juncture, Helen Leslie would have wished a serious *tete a tete*, and just for these reasons, gentle reader: they had been long affianced—Aubrey, an orphan, and distant cousin, had dwelt with her under her father's roof from infancy; and Helen felt for him the strongest affection, though her love partook greatly of the character of that which she might have felt for a brother. She had, from childhood, confided to him her every thought, feeling, and action. He had sorrowed when she sorrowed, and laughed when she laughed; and he cherished for her a deep, pure, and tender love; and though impassioned and impetuous, it also approached the holy love borne a sister—a love, which neither time, distance, nor circumstance could change or dissipate.

Aubrey St. Clair had been ever patient and untiring in his devotion to study—a thoughtful, sedate, meditative boy—a reading, dreaming, enthusiastic youth, he had amassed a fund of information on all subjects, but the garden of poesy was his favorite realm—here would he stray, lost in wonder and delight—and though unknown to any, he had strewn many beautiful flowers on the Parnassian mount, and might well have hoped to wear laurels which would have long been green. He lived in a world of his own creations, bright beyond imagining.

But to return to Helen. Though she, in her early youth, gladly consented to their betrothal; believing with her *whole* soul, and in the singleness of her heart, there lived not the being to whom she could more willingly or more entirely entrust her happiness than to her "dear Aubrey;" so she still thought, though meanwhile she had changed materially. From the artless, confiding, ingenious child, Helen Leslie had become the beautiful, enchanting, lovely girl—the fascinating, admired, caressed, and idolized belle. Yet, amid all this admiration, enough to turn graver heads, Helen possessed a pure and affectionate heart, a clear and lively understanding. She could not but feel Aubrey's to be a nature widely different from her own. He viewed already with disgust those pleasures which leave naught but satiety and disquietude behind them; pleasures of which *she* was only on the threshold, and of which she had tasted as yet but sparingly, and knew not their heartlessness and emptiness, but viewed them arrayed in all the glitter and "enchantment which distance lends the view." The admired of all, the tide of her existence seemed to flow and to sparkle in an unbroken stream of happiness, and we are compelled to own that, in the bewilderment of the life she led, the thought of Aubrey, of his fervent, engrossing, and undying attachment—the still, low voice in Helen's bosom that told her of his self-sacrificing, unwaning attachment, of his truth, of his almost parental solicitude and interest, was drowned in fashionable follies and in the levity of the hour.

Aubrey St. Clair's manner, tastes and feelings all fitted *him* for the syren circle of which Helen Leslie was the brightest star. His soul scorned the hollow-heartedness, the deceitfulness of pleasures which he felt to be insufficient to confer happiness on a rational being. His nature was enthusiastic and imaginative—and self-sufficient and superficial coxcombs of the day were not society for him; his was the *soul's* loveliness—then how immeasurable the distance which separated Aubrey St. Clair from the throng of idlers who "followed, flattered and sued" in Helen's train—must he not have felt his superiority to such? impossible he should not. His manners were gentle, his tone low, his frame was delicate; and though his face was intellectual in the extreme, yet it possessed not that beauty, so dear, must I say, to woman's heart. One read there of acute sensibility and elevated thoughts, of a superior order of mind; and a refined observer would have loved to dwell upon it—so expressive was it of soul and mind—so completely an index of all within the casket. Of a proud nature, his feelings were exquisitely susceptible to the smallest slight or wound, yet could he not assume that air of confidence, or still more that exquisitely nonchalant air, so necessary to render one a favorite in the gay circle; he had not yet learned to *strut* upon its little stage. Aubrey never reminded Helen of their betrothal; it was long since he had alluded to the now painful subject, yet was he still hoping against hope, that she would awake from her delusive and bewildering dream. All earth's powers could never have persuaded him that her talents, tastes or feelings would have become perverted by fashionable life, that she would ever become wedded to it, or wholly engrossed by it—never did it occur to him that the constant recurrence of variety, the whirl of excitement in which she lived, would render to her the retirement of the domestic circle irksome and insipid—nor that the adulation, the incense, offered up at the shrine of her beauty might render her vain, heartless and supercilious. Of such consequences *he never* dreamed—who *could* have foretold any change or blight to so much sweetness, ingenuousness, grace and intelligence? It must have been a sinister and cynical prophesier—we did not, we do confess, nor did Aubrey. Though, at times, his poor, hope-sick heart was wrung by jealousy, ever the accompanier of strong passion, his trust in Helen would triumph; he would exclaim, "I know her noble nature, her high principle, her truth, her warm heart. She will never break her plighted troth, she will throw aside this strange infatuation, and more than reward me for all my wakeful nights, bitter thoughts and sad forebodings. She will be mine. I shall yet glory in her genius and affection. Helen's heart is pure—purity encircles her like the air she breathes. Every thought, every expression is lovely—and none can appreciate, as I do, the delicacy, purity and freshness of her nature."

It, indeed, appeared to Aubrey, that, of the circle Helen moved in, she was the sun, brightening every face and gladdening every heart, and not even a satellite were near! a bright flower in a desert, "a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose." Aubrey still followed in the beam of her sunny smile, and, in the element of happiness which she breathed, was the only one who sighed.

Prithee, excuse this long, very long digression, gentle reader.

"Nay, greet not, Aubrey," said Helen, "the little Love will be resuscitated, and yet bask in thy smiles; although, from the portentous length of thy visage, it would seem of rather doubtful truth."

"He would, indeed, be resuscitated," said Aubrey, in a calm and impressive tone, "if *one true and faithful heart* could revive him!"

"Yet remember, Aubrey, they tell us of old he is only happy in smiles, the merry, sportive little god! he snaps his fingers after sunny smiles are withdrawn—warmth is his life and element. And, now, I have read thee a *homily* on love, I must away for ——, where I shall expect to see thee decked in sweetest smiles. *Au revoir.*"

So saying, she gaily kissed her hand to Aubrey, and tripped out of the room—and he *did* smile, even at the memory of her smiles.

Aubrey had determined to know on the morrow the worst fate had in reserve for him. Hope deferred had made his heart sick—he with desperation resolved to tell Helen of his intended embarkation for Europe in a few days—though did she but utter *then* one kind, joy-giving, or encouraging word, the whole world could offer nought to tempt him from her side. Will she utter the soft word?

Helen, in her young and unshadowed loveliness was the gayest of the gay that night; her "beauty's light" gladdened every heart, and every countenance met hers with smiles, which were reflected in her own—the beautiful are ever joyous. Yet even Helen's lovely brow was shaded when those bright-roving, bewildering eyes rested on the pale and anxious countenance of Aubrey, and one could see those beauteous lashes quickly cast down when his restless and disturbed glance met hers; yet the jest, the laugh, the song went on—many, beautiful, and *recherche* were the compliments whispered in Helen's ear that night. Aubrey entered not the charmed ring, yet though he appeared deaf to the voice of the charmer, was *she* alone, "heard, felt, and seen"—every emotion, every look, every word, was caught and treasured up as food for "Memory, young Love's shadow;" enough for him to gaze his fill on that bright face—it might be his "last, long, lingering gaze."

Once, and only once, did Aubrey approach Helen. He then told her, in low and hurried words, of his intended departure—how long, very long had he lived on the hope of again winning her love, for he was now painfully convinced he had lost it—of his unutterable anguish in the conviction—he told her that the love he bore her needed not to be expressed, that she well knew his deep, his fervent attachment—better had she never inspired it, than he should awake from such a dream—a dream of more than earthly happiness, for he had madly, foolishly dreamed that she returned it.

Confused, agitated, surprised, Helen found no words for utterance. Just then, too, young Beverton, the most *distingue* and elegant exquisite in all ——, was coming towards them, holding in his hand a double almond which he had taken from one shell, one of which he presented to Helen, saying—

"Now we shall see, Miss Leslie, whether I am or not, when of 'out of sight, out of mind'—for you know the Philo-pena is the test of friendship as well as love—since, if it be forgotten, one is fearfully certain that the memory of the donor is not dwelt upon with pleasure; since you could not retain the recollection of it for so short a period!"

"Take this, then, Helen," whispered Aubrey, as he presented one to her, "on it shall hang my happiness or misery—the fate of nations has depended on as mere a trifle," and, he added, in a trembling tone—"remember—one little word from your lips will decide whether I shall be a wanderer without aim, object, or end of existence, or remain by your side with too much of happiness for a mortal's lot."

"Why so precipitate, Aubrey? so impetuous!"

"Precipitate! impetuous! oh say not so, Helen; if you could know this poor, weary, hopesick heart—ay, if you could but know of the restless, waking nights of wo—of the long, long, listless days I pass, and long have passed, you *would* not, *could* not think so!" So saying, and almost choked with contending emotions, Aubrey left the room, nor entered it more that night.

Slowly and heavily passed to Helen the remaining hours. A change came over her spirit. Aubrey stood before her in a new light. Never before had she appreciated his patient, enduring and uncomplaining attachment. She reproachfully asked herself, how have I rewarded such devotion? Apparently with perfect recklessness and indifference. Keen and bitter were the pangs Helen felt that night as she rested her head on her pillow.

The next day Aubrey came not—his was despair unutterable—he felt assured, from the few words that escaped Helen in her agitation, that he had nought to hope—he would embark on the morrow—but would *see* Helen in the *tableau*, which was fixed for that evening. All his preparations were made, and he now waited with feverish anxiety the coming of evening, when he should behold for the last time the object of his heart's idolatry. He would take no leave—he could not say farewell!

The shades of evening darkened around. All was in readiness for the *tableau*—the frame, the stage, the light disposed by an artist. "Then there was hurrying to and fro"—and all the world arrived. The music was soft and soul-thrilling, many and beautiful beyond our fancy's fairest picturings were the *tableaus*, "breathing and brightening" before our eyes. Oh, what a beautiful thought! What delight, to see exhibited the sweetest, softest scenes the imagination can paint; the points in history of the most thrilling interest, or to see embodied the brightest, purest, most resplendant visions of the poet's fancy; for are there not living forms of more transcendant beauty, angelic loveliness, and ineffable sweetness, than ever dawned upon a poet's vision?

There was the beauteous Stuart, the rough Ruthven by her side persuading her—no, not persuading her, *forcing* her to sign away her kingdom to a rebellious subject. There was the fond and impassioned Cleopatra in the act of poisoning herself with the asp—beautiful beyond expression, calm, majestic, yet oh! how full of feeling. There, too, was the "Niobe" in tears—inimitable. The high-souled Jewess, and the high-born and fair-haired Rowena, rivals in beauty—for surely both were beautiful!

The attire was bright, fanciful and picturesque, which perfected the illusion—the perspective excellent. Many, glowing and enthusiastic were the exclamations of delight which burst from all lips as the curtain rose successively. Their "cheeks flushed at the praise of their own loveliness;" the eye sparkled, nor scarcely could a lurking smile be suppressed, as the various expressions of admiration from the enchanted crowd caught the ear of the lovely statuary.

Lastly came the fancy piece, of which we spoke in the commencement of our sketch—there was the sweet picture, lovely in an engraving, but, oh! how infinitely more lovely in a "*tableau vivant*," in which Helen Leslie was the "living picture." A murmur of applause followed the lifting of the curtain. Exquisite! enchanting! burst from the delighted gazers—excepting from one.

Aubrey St. Clair, leaning with crossed arms against the folding-door, gazed in mute attention. In his face was depicted the deep anguish of despair. Pale, haggard, and dejected, the merriment and exultation of all around, "served but to deepen his dejection's shade."

He gazed upon the object, on which he had lavished all his heart's wealth, for the last time; or, if again he would ever behold her, it would be as the bride of another. The thought he could not bear. He remembered the words which were written under the engraving. His own dog there, Castor, faithful unto death, offered a painful contrast to her he had fondly deemed true and loving. The words rose to his lips—"'Ah, if *thou* wert so faithful,' he uttered them in a low and broken tone—low, though quite audible to Helen—and as those few words met her ear, all rushed before her with the celerity of light. Aubrey's resolution she knew was unshaken; on the morrow's dawn the ship would bear him to some distant haven, perhaps never to return. She alone had power to detain him. She remembered the Philopena—she raised her eyes—it needed but one glance at that face so expressive of wo unutterable, of hopeless despair to determine her. One glance at it, Prometheus-like, waked the lovely image into life and motion, and endowed it with the gift of speech. The magic word passed her lips, and that word, so lowly murmured, bound him to her side; and thenceforth their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their fears were one.

All was consternation. Even Castor, the noble, faithful hound, with instinctive sagacity, appeared to know, and exult in the sudden revulsion in his master's feelings. He leaped off the stage and came frisking and bounding up to him, manifesting, by every effort in his power, his sympathy in his master's change of fortune. All this was the work of a moment—the curtain quickly fell—the dance, the song, the jest followed—and Aubrey's "bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

CLEANTHUS.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN.

THE FALL RACES—YOUTH OF THE SPIRIT—FLORENTINE BEAUTY—WIFE OF DUMAS—THE RACE COURSE—BIRTH OF A PRINCESS—FESTIVITIES—ILLUMINATION OF THE DOME—DEATH OF PRINCE CORSINI—THE ANATOMICAL CABINET.

Florence, October 22, 1845.

I attended to-day the fall races at the *Cascine*. This is a dairy farm of the Grand Duke's, on the Arno, below the city; part of it, shaded with magnificent trees, has been made into a public promenade and drive, which extends for three miles down the river. Towards the lower end, on a smooth green lawn, is the race-course. To-day was the last of the season, for which the best trials had been reserved, and going out the gate at noon, we found a number of carriages and pedestrians going the same way. It was the very perfection of autumn temperature, and I do not know that I have ever seen so blue hills, so green meadows, so fresh air, and so bright sunshine combined in one scene before. All that gloom and coldness of which I complained in my last, had vanished.

I think travelling increases very much one's capacity for admiration. Phrenologists say that exercise enlarges the organs, and I find that this combination of them is oftenest in demand. Every beautiful scene seems as beautiful as if it had been the first; and although I may have seen a hundred times as lovely a combination of sky and landscape, the pleasure which it awakens is never diminished. This is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy—the freshness and glory which Nature wears to our eyes forever. It shows that the soul never grows old—that the eye of age can take in the impression of beauty with the same enthusiastic joy that leaped through the heart of childhood.

We found the crowd around the race-course but thin, nevertheless; half the people there, and *all* the horses, appeared to be English. It was a good place to observe the beauty of Florence, which may be done in a very short time, as there is not much of it. There is beauty in Italy, undoubtedly, but it is either among the peasants or the higher class of nobility. I will tell our American women confidentially, for I know they have too much sense to be vain of it, that they surpass the rest of the world as much in beauty as they do in intelligence and virtue. I saw in one of the carriages the wife of Alexandre Dumas, the French author. She is a large, very fair-complexioned woman, and is now, from what cause I know not, living apart from her husband.

The jockeys paced up and down the fields, preparing their beautiful animals for the approaching heat, and as the hour drew nigh the mounted dragoons busied themselves in clearing the space. It was a one-mile course, to the end of the lawn and back. At last the bugle sounded, and off went three steeds like arrows let fly. They passed us, their light limbs bounding over the turf, one beautiful dark-brown taking the lead. We leaned over the railing and watched them eagerly. The bell rang—they had reached the other end—we saw them turn and come dashing back, nearer, nearer, the crowd began to shout, and in a few seconds the brown one had won it by four or five lengths. The fortunate horse was led around in triumph, and I saw an English lady, remarkable for her betting propensities, come out from the crowd and kiss it in apparent delight.

After an interval, three others took the field—all graceful, spirited creatures. This was a more exciting race than the first; they flew past us nearly abreast, and the crowd looked after them in anxiety. They cleared the course like wild deers, and in a minute or two came back, the racer of an English nobleman a short distance ahead. The jockey threw up his hand in token of triumph as he approached the goal, and the people cheered him. It was really a beautiful sight to see those noble animals stretching to the utmost of their speed, as they dashed down the grassy lawn. The lucky one always showed by his proud and erect courage, his consciousness of success. The Tuscans do not partake of the enthusiasm of the English for racing—they had no horses on the ground, and for so large a city as Florence the sport was very scantily attended.

November 1.—Yesterday morning we were apprised of the safe arrival in the world, of a new scion of the royal family, by the ringing of the city bells. To-day, to celebrate the event, the shops were closed and the people made a holiday of it. Merry chimes pealed out from every tower, and discharges of cannon thundered up from the fortress. This afternoon we went to the square of *Sant' Annunziata* to see the court come in state to give thanks to the Virgin. The arched galleries were crowded with people, and lines of military surrounded the square. Carriage after carriage arrived, bearing numbers of ribboned and starred personages, some of whom remained in the portice of the church to receive the Duke. At last the rolling of the drums announced his coming; three splendid gilded carriages, each drawn by six horses and attended by six servants in gala livery, rolled up. The first two contained members of the Ducal family and guests, and in the last was the Duke himself—an amiable-looking man of about forty-five. Behind them came the *garde noble*, a company of young Tuscan Patricians, who form the Duke's escort on festive occasions. They were dressed in splendid scarlet uniforms and mounted on black horses.

While the ceremonies were going on in the church, the bodies of soldiers fired off a number of volleys, a rocket was sent up as a signal to begin cannonading at the fortress, and the fine military band executed a magnificent march from Prince Poniatowsky's new opera—*Bonifasio de Geremei*. I might mention that this was brought out here for the first time last night, at the Theatre della Pergola, with great applause. The Prince, who is a near relation of the Polish hero, is said to possess considerable talent in the art. At any rate, his fellow-nobles have combined to make a reputation for it, and whatever they undertake here, is likely to succeed.

This evening the dome of the Cathedral was illuminated, and the lines of cupola, lantern and

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many letters which are inadmissible on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find room, when a long piece of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

The ANE We Love Is in very well rounded, but its length will, we fear, preclude its insertion. It is at the disposal of our friend. Cannot he write us some shorter piece for it.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Rufe. T. Hosea, formerly of Hamilton Town P. O., Va., who is in accross with us.

Of Thomas Bell, formerly of Beartown, Pa.

Of Col. Thos. S. Bill, formerly of West Greenville, Pa.

Of John Coker, formerly of Plains of Dura P. O., Ga

Of Molly Bottsford, formerly of do.

Of H. D. W. Woodward, formerly of Trenton, Kentucky.

Of Jos. Lynch, formerly of Liverpool, Gloucester.

Of Dr. S. Kolling, formerly of Philadelphia, Indiana.

Of R. P. Hammond, formerly of Washington, D. C.

Of D. H. Wood, formerly of Mount Morris, N. York.

JUNE RAMBLINGS.

This is to our mind the most beautiful of the summer months. We are aware that our poets, following the English land, have generally selected May as the object of their praises; but we think they have been led astray by the spirit of imitation. The English bards are right in their sweet estallings of May, because their climate is at least a month in advance of ours. Not so with us. Our May is our June. But for American writers to follow blindly in the British track, without considering the truth, as applied to our climate, of many a word they were saying, proves that we have had very few real poets as yet, but only a crowd of servile imitators of the good sayings of others. We trust, however, that the time will soon come, and we believe that it is even now at the door, when the north American Genius shall take the same lead in the same field of imagination that it has already taken in the more earthly paths of the mechanic arts. And we feel justified in this belief from the fact that in ecalyptus, which blends in a greater degree than any of the fine arts, the imaginative the memory of localities, the genius of Powers and others of our countrymen have given them a name and a reputation throughout the civilized world.

But we have been led off insensibly from our intention in the beginning, which was to say a few words in commendation of the sweetest season of the year which is now opening before us. It is the time when the skies are bluest, and the air most balmy; when the heat is sufficient for pleasant rambles through the meadows, and by the sides of the clear streams, without being so excessive that the exuthiae becomes a thing to be dreaded. When we are not able to sit down on the grass, or lie down at full length, if in the mood, and feel like repeating Willis's poetry—that is about the nearest we can come to a recline on such occasions we do not want so much to think, or write, as to enjoy deeply; but are best pleased with thoughts that roll harmoniously along, in tet lae duty a current, and bear rich fancies like gorgeous flowers upon their glossy surface.

June, too, is the best season for picnics—when we wish to make a day of it, and mid beautiful woods and waters and overhanging rocks, and faces more beautiful than all, to linger in world and to cease, and let one long day float on like an unbroken dream. We have passed many such days, when the joy of existence was more like Heaven than this dull, toil-full earth—when the soul seemed to ask nothing more than to be—when in a bright and beautiful flow of joy, unruffled by any stormy passion of either love or hate, the hours glided along like a swan upon the bosom of some serene and tranquil lake.

Nothing ever came much nearer bringing the tenor to our eyes without absolutely doing it, than the song, which we heard most touchingly sung one evening, of "The days when we went gipsying, long." As the words were repeated over and over.

"In the days when we went gipsying,
Long, long ago,"

the thought of the many happy hours we had passed with those who were the heaven friends of our boyhood, came back beautifully, Oh, delightful! and in the romantic haunts then without of streams, Wissahickon, almost, as we said, brought the beautiful tears to our eyes. For we cannot help the thought on such occasions, that never again shall we be as blessed. The years surrounded with daily cares, and sorely soiled in the dusty atmosphere of the world, "subdues itself to what it works in—and remembers not the joys that are past to make room for being which it has ever lost the power again to possess. Ah! But we are growing melancholy—and yet never thought of the kind may have been at the mind of one of our sweetest poets, when he was led to mingle together two such opposite ideas, as sense would deem, as that of death and of the seemingly joyous and yet really melancholy month.

June.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought when I shall cease to be
Within the silent ground.
"Flower pleasant, thee in flowery June,
When from the hills I look,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

"A soft mellow the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through town,
And lay slowly where I rested,
While farewe the train rose hear—
Aweg!—I will not think of it—
Then let the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the tree,
And let the sleep mould quiet pressed
Less my narrow place of rest.

"Then, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick leaves in the silent grass
Should in their beauty die.
"The gentle winds and fragrant showers,
Have time, their breaths my cold,
Or songs of birds, beyond the noise
Of traffic, be heard.
"And when I should be seen, of some
Who love me yet in life,
Not in cold sense, free
But if, sensed in place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not know to go.
"Soft rain, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should bury those who slowly by my tomb
And when it, in the growing light,
Decayed should fade away.
"Sweet things remembered
Of my low monument!
I would the lovely scene around
Might bless it when I should be dead.
"I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious change,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might see how to go.
"They might not know to go,
Soft rain, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should bury those who slowly by my tomb
And when it, in the growing light,
Decayed should fade away.

"Time to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, whose place shall be with him
The circuit of the summer hills,
—So that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear, again, his living voice."

How beautiful and sweet—how sad yet how sad are the foregoing verses. That there is an intimate association between the thought of death and the gentle characteristics of the month of June, and especially the characteristics of the golden month of June, J. R. J.

MILITARY GLORY.

The greatest curse against perhaps on a military life, especially in a time of war, is the reasons that follows a successful achievement or the display of valor, however it may be called. That poor soul at last may toil for long, weary years, and then not succeed in building up so splendid a reputation, as during seldom will not half their genius, and rise in one rapid though eventful day. And it is not a slight thing, either, to be familiar name on the thought at the mouth of men—something ever present with them, alike in the hour of trial and in the hour of pleasure, and calm, every day and night. And though it is the mark of the greatest, as of the smallest mind, not to set the highest value upon the things that are around them, but in the gait of mortal man, yet it is doubtless pleasant to even the poorest and most stupendous genius to know that the thoughts of his gifts shall nevertheless through the long vista of the coming ages.

But we are wandering from our text commenced, so much to write a dissertation upon renown in general and on military glory in particular, as to introduce a few remarks upon the career of our soldier order that they may see that two of our heroes are being rewarded in a manner that neither of them greatly covet themselves.

—Messrs. Snyder & Ovenshine have commenced running a line of Omnibuses from the Exchange to Fairmount. *Some pay on two more were wanted*—called *General Taylor* and *Major Ringgold*.

We are convinced our hearers will agree with us in thinking that the above was a bright idea in the minds of Messrs. Snyder & Ovenshine, and that could be suggested to keep the memories of Taylor and Ringgold, ever fresh and green in the minds of men. We should never, as a nation, cease to honor, along our streets, will our citizens be reminded of them. "There goes Ringgold—there goes Taylor," will be the exclamation of many a worthy patriot as they pass, and enthusiastic hearts will beat with exultation, as they think of the fields of Texas and the halls of the Montezumas.

Then, again, in years to come, as time in its very course begins to dim and cover with sometimes the now bright and shining paint of the monumental omnibuses: when Tom, the cutler, begins to sing every morning in Mr. Snyder, or perhaps, Ovenshine's "Bow, them are vanities rants new passion' and gaiish" —then, will the attention of our citizens be called to the fact, that imaginative the memory of Taylor and of Ringgold may also require fresh refreshing in their minds. For that matter, would not even the appearance of the omnibuses, newly painted and varnished, with the newly effaced names of Taylor and Ringgold shining out more in appearently unextinguishable glory, be sufficient, of itself, to repeals, their dimming memory in the hearts of men? We think so—and for those reasons alone, trust that Messrs. Snyder & Ovenshine, may overshoe all competitors, and that the omnibuses Taylor and Ringgold, may run their onward way as full of passengers, as those after whom they are named, are of glory.

Taylor and Ringgold!

IRISH BLUNDERS.

The blunders of the natives of the Emerald Isle are proverbial, but we do not remember when we have heard two better ones than we had related to us the other evening.

A lady is giving instructions relative to supper to her domestic, who had but a short time before received the order to "cold country," requested her "to heat a Bologna sausage for tea."

Upon coming to the table, the lady took up the tea pot, and inquired "Norah, is there any tea in your tea pot, and inquired "Norah, is there any tea in your tea pot, and inquired "Norah, is there any tea in your

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

$1 per annum—$2 if sold in advance.

Subscribers will please address their letters with their names in a plain hand.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

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Postmasters and Postmaster Banks received in payment for our Papers.

Agents are carefully selected to make quick remittances, and we are not difficult in the matter of commission. They should always give names and time paid for. Letters on business to the Post Office must be Office copies from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Herkimer, Otsego, Cortland, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, [illegible] Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Simonds, G. H. Jones, A. Gardner, Sam'l. F. Dunn and W. S. Mason.*

JOHN MARSHALL Canada, East and West.

JNO. P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Sir M. Stevenson* Nova Scotia.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James R. Whipple, F. Ross, William F. Wood, John P. Wood, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Colton.*

THOMAS BEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM L. PIERCE collects for us in Orange, Essex, and JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the late change of the Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid.

The Post Master where the money is paid must give a receipt to the person paying it, specifying the name of the person for whom the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who must immediately send it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the name or of the person, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master General, who will credit the same to the Post Master.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, or not sending the same to the Post Master General, the latter sustaining the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, is the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Nelson, Pa., September 15,* 1845.

To the Post Master General, or Publisher of the Saturday Evening Post:—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars to be forwarded to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have charged myself in my account current, in consequence of the same being paid to me.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment or subscription, to the Publishers direct.

MATAMORAS.

We take the following interesting sketch of the above city from the Savannah Republican. Our informant, [illegible] has resided in the place for four years, from 1834 to 1838, and was in a commercial capacity at the port he pass, had ample means of acquiring information as well as strong inducements to familiarize himself with every circumstance of the place.

—Our informant recognizes the general correctness of the maps which have recently been published. The position of the city, of the Rio Grande and Matamoras, are all correctly represented. The Rio[illegible] upon which General Taylor's Camp is located, is some two or twenty feet higher than the general level on which the city is built. The current of the river at this point is somewhat rapid, and the water is of a more torturous between Matamoras and the Gulf, that it has been found impossible to ascend it with sailing vessels. When our informant left Matamoras there were not landed at Point Isabel, but at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and thence were carried to Matamoras in steamboats. He received from this circumstance the impression that the Custom House at Point Isabel was a mere nominal establishment, and that the officers of the steamboat which was engaged in the trade were designated as Matamoras. *Barrette*, the place spoken of as the landing place of the steamboats, is by boats, on the river he says is not a village but only a few indifferent houses at the ferry which is half way between the mouth of the river and Matamoras. The city of Matamoras is very similar to that of Savannah. The streets are not wide, but run at right angles, are there are several public squares in which grow an airy appearance to the place. The houses of Matamoras are built of brick and were, there being in 1838 not more than twenty or twenty-five buildings in that place. These latter are mostly in the vicinity of the square, and are the property of the foreigners. The ground in the rear of the city is subject to inundation during the wet season; to the depth of several feet, and the whole of the low lands before the Lake is asked upon the maps. It is considered by [illegible] and extent, and its waters are used by the water peddlers, who supply the city. To propagate there is considerable numbers, to ply their vocation. At the time of the greatest rains of the city, in July and August, rather than [illegible] water, for the purpose of bathing during the spring and early months of the year. The people are with the Mexicans, and strange as it may seem to some, these common inhabitants of the seats, are not regarded as in the slightest degree impeached or dishonorable. The only difference between that country and this is, that the beaux and belles make their promenades on horseback, and that the ladies are seated in small boats and steamers, and the one is regarded as and equal with the same delicacy of language and purity of purpose, as the other is in this country and in custom.

The population of Matamoras, our informant thinks, was in 1834, about seven thousand. Prior to that time a considerable trade in dry goods had been carried on with the interior of Mexico, through Monterey, &c., and with the Indians. In this business, several Americans had amassed considerable fortunes. From 1834, the trade with the interior fell off, and the population diminished. It is now mainly sustained by the income from the sale of cattle hides, tallow, &c.

The people are indolent, and the classes of society very distinct. The best class, the descendants of the old Spaniards, is very limited and exclusive. They are tolerably well educated—the men being generally in the public offices or in trade, and the females engaged in light and pleasurable pursuits and amusements, such as dancing, waltzing, playing the guitar, &c. The lord of these is very polite, educated, and many of them cannot write their own language, though they speak it with fluency and elegance. The next class of these is the mixed race, intellectually stamped, and are graceful and easy in their manners. The third class are the peasantry, the peones, our informant says that in is not uncommon in the best circles, to see the beautiful dark-eyed peones girl, with her rebozo and neatly attired by a bevy of dark-haired, unattached admirers.

The women of the lower classes are more homely though not ugly, and are of a dark, sallow complexion. The domestics are in a state of more abject slavery, infinitely, than our negroes. They are flagellated periodically, and are the subjects of other degrade, are compelled to have their hair shorn close to the head. As the law stands, the child of a Mexican woman is regarded as her greatest consolation, as the privation of it regarded as the greatest indignity and punishment.

In regard to the Mexican soldiers our informant says, they are men of small stature, of light muscular, and exceedingly homely in their appearance—poor soldiers, but bold and fearless riders. They are not constant in their attachments—fight to pay, and will follow their leader to the death and pay him best. They have displayed some courage in their late fighting with Taylor's army, and when well led were used, but have a great aversion to fire—more especially in close quarters. Acting in large to fire, they are easily confused even in their common military displays, and consequently would suffer greatly from a sudden and vigorous attack in a general engagement. Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, and the low pay in the army, they are reluctant to enter the service. On this account the choose and declines of their officers to cheer and encourage them are sometimes ridiculous enough.

The preparations for celebrating a victory are often made in anticipation, and sometimes, as was the case in the late conflict with the Americans, fall with the prisoners and munitions of war, into the hands of the enemy, affecting them at once a victory and the facilities for its celebration. Their usual comforts consist mainly of the tortilla or corn cake, baked in ashes, and beef, with which they use large quantities of chili colorado, or Mexican red pepper. The latter is used extensively for food a species of small red bean called *frijole*. Their horses are small, wiry, and badly submitted, frequently no bridle or saddle, and ride under their baggage and rider, while he is in the act of mounting. Mules are very abundant at Matamoras, and of a quality superior to any raised in the continent. They are used in the carriages of the rich, and are almost the only locomotive in Mexico. A single mule will carry *three hundred* pounds of baggage with ease an almost incredible distance per day. Good horses and mules in the country can be purchased at from fifteen to twenty dollars.

Our informant speaks of the climate of Matamoras as being healthy, though it is not quite as healthy as Savannah, if not more so. During his four years residence there, yellow fever was an unknown, and even the diseases exceedingly rare. In the interior, in the direction of Monterey, or Saltillo, there is a low marshy country to be sure, and healthy. Dysentery is an old Spanish term, of from forty-five to sixty thousand inhabitants, and the only disease. Uncle Sam's troops on the Allegheny River yesterday afternoon at between and said besides be a most agreeable summer retreat—not inferior to the White Sulphur or Saratoga. Upon the whole then, we think that [illegible] dispel their apprehension in regard to the unhealthfulness of the country on the Rio Grande—they may come to a low bleeding-minded person, or an occasional *garopate*, or a wild Mexican in the chaparrals, but in their search for the Fountain of the Missisippi, they will soon strike a high, dry, healthful region, where subsistence will be easy, and opportunities for fighting not unfrequent.

Religious Intelligence.

SLAVERY.

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church—Old School—a report from the Committee on Bills and Overtures was received last Monday morning, which was read, and laid on the table. It seemly has for sixty years been consistent testimony upon the subject of slavery, it was inexpedient to take any further action upon it at the present time, gave rise to a spirited discussion, in which the Rev. Mr. Young, of Ohio; Rev. Dr. Young, of Maryland; Rev. Joseph Eby, of New Lisbon, Ohio; Rev. H. J. Fullerton, of Chillicothe; Rev. Mr. Lindsley, of Pittsburg, and the Rev. John C. Kirkpatrick took part. Previous to the adjournment, the vote was taken by yeas and nays, and the report was adopted by a majority of 169 to 19.

Afternoon Session.—The Rev. R. M. White, of Wheeling, offered a resolution, declaring that the action of the assembly in relation to slavery in 1845, was not intended to abrogate that previously made. The motion strenuously argued the propriety of passing the resolution.

The Rev. Dr. Lindsley opposed the resolution on the ground that any action upon the subject was unnecessary. Upon the conclusion of the remarks the previous question was called for, and the resolution adopted by a vote of 118 to 18.

A reconsideration of a resolution adopted in the morning, prevailing absentees from recording their votes upon the report in relation to slavery, was then moved and carried.

Several members who had voted in the negative upon the adoption of the report on the morning, now desired to alter their votes, as the subsequent action had entirely changed their opinions in relation to that report. Leave was granted by consent, and the vote was called over for that purpose. The vote was then announced as follows: Yeas 169, nays 19.

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COPPER RELIEF.—The Mexicans use "copper grape," and it is represented as being most poisonous. They are made secretly by the Jews, and are worthless, and other noxious coatings peculiar to copper, and when they wound they are almost always fatal. We are not informed, says the New Orleans Tropic, whether the Mexicans use the copper grapes as a poisonous qualities, or because they have no lead. It is said that Santa Anna, and but few of those that have been wounded by balls in the American army, have a chance of escape, very, as the great heat and mortification caused by the natives of the balls is rapidly carrying them off. Thus the case with the lamented Major Brant.

TEXAS SALE.—The Houston Telegraph says that the section of country lying West of the Nueces, bordering on the sea coast, is interested by numerous shallow inlets and bays, into which the water of the Gulf flows during winter, but in summer, owing to the intense solar evaporation, they become dry, and are covered with a crust of salt; this is the four inches thick, equal in every respect to the best Turk's Island salt, and the best for preserving meat and fish. The dry climate of Western Texas—one of considerable [illegible] and extent, and its waters are used by the water peddlers, who supply the city. To propagate there is considerable numbers, to ply their vocation. At the time of the greatest rains of the city, in July and August, rather than [illegible] water, for the purpose of bathing during the spring and early months of the year. The people are with the Mexicans, and strange as it may seem to some, these common inhabitants of the seats, are not regarded as in the slightest degree impeached or dishonorable. The only difference between that country and this is, that the beaux and belles make their promenades on horseback, and that the ladies are seated in small boats and steamers, and the one is regarded as and equal with the same delicacy of language and purity of purpose, as the other is in this country and in custom.

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VILLAGOMAS SALVESTRE.—As the ship Louisville was unloading recently, at our Levee, a cask was discharged from on board, the head of which fell out and discovered the contents to be powder. The cask was shipped in New York as merchandize, on the 31st of April, and is marked "Matteck & McCallum, Camden." Recorder Genois ordered the cask of powder to be taken to the powder magazine.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

EXPRESS IN FRANCE.—From the report of the Committee on Foreign religions, it appears that there are at this time in France 4,505 persons receiving relief—3,700 French, 426 Spaniards, and 379 Italians. There are besides 7,776 who do not receive any relief—6,421 Spaniards, 968 Poles, 297 Italians and 170 Germans.

CONNECTICUT SCHOOLS.—There are 1644 School Districts in Connecticut; number of children from four to sixteen years old, 91,775. The average number of scholars in attendance during the summer of 1845, was 43,748—during the winter of 1845-6, 57,157. The number of all ages in private schools is 6,402.

Casualties.

GREAT FLOOD IN THE ALLEGHENY.—*Destruction of Property and Loss of Life.*—The Pittsburg Morning Post of the 17th instant says:

The rain which has been falling for the last two days, and the late heavy rains above, there was a rise in the Allegheny River yesterday afternoon at between and said besides be a most agreeable summer retreat—not inferior to the White Sulphur or Saratoga. Upon the whole then, we think that [illegible] dispel their apprehension in regard to the unhealthfulness of the country on the Rio Grande—they may come to a low bleeding-minded person, or an occasional *garopate*, or a wild Mexican in the chaparrals, but in their search for the Fountain of the Missisippi, they will soon strike a high, dry, healthful region, where subsistence will be easy, and opportunities for fighting not unfrequent.

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th to the 17th May.

May 16, received from	
W. Burroughs	$1 00
Reuss Peters	4 00
A. Varn	1 00
Jacob Smith	1 00
D. Yeats	1 50
J. Lodge	2 00
J. Bell	1 00
E. Morton	1 50
A. M. Newton	4 00
A. Wallace	4 00
J. Pennington	2 00
P. Granger	1 00
H. Beckwith	2 00
May 17.	
J. T. Long	1 00
Miss S. C. Way	2 00
J. Strickland	1 00
W. K. Rees	2 00
J. Bowen	2 00
P. H. Hauser	2 00
Dr. M. Sylvester	2 00
T. D. Parsons	1 00
W. Wells	2 00
W. Van Vort	2 00
E. Waters	2 00
J. B. Newman	2 00
Address May	2 00
May 18.	
A. Cummings	1 50
W. Rees, Jr.	2 00
S. B. Wise	2 00
J. Hall, Gladwin	2 00
J. P. Clark	2 00
Miss C. J. Fawkes	3 00
L. B. Townsend	2 00
Q. Speed	2 00
S. R. Price	2 00
W. W. Whitehead	2 00
H. Thorp	2 00
Alice Rose	1 00
" " Sexton	2 00
J. P. Hoopes	1 00
C. D. Farrar	1 00
D. W. Bowers	1 00
W. C. Maddock	2 00
J. Hutchinson	2 00
J. Cowder	2 00
Miss M. A. Ford	1 00
D. C. Dunn	15 00
Wm. S. Baker	10 00
B. R. Reed	1 50
L. O. Peterson	2 00
J. Hoffman	2 00
M. B. Cardell	2 00
J. Saltzell	2 00
Mrs. McCharken	2 00
T. G. Cook	2 00
J. Cook	1 00
W. D. Arndt	2 00
F. Hesskil	2 00
Wm. Hesskil	2 00
M. Seibert	2 00
T. Corberry	2 00
Jones Cole	2 00
J. Miller	2 00
Stevens & Co.	2 00
J. Mead	2 00
J. M. Sayers	2 00
J. S. Reed	2 00
G. B. Hahn	11 75
D. Mc.	2 00
J. J. Keller	10 00
J. H. Lenhart	2 00
G. E. McBride	1 00
W. Hood	2 00
W. Adams	2 00
J. Vaugh	2 00
J. Rankin	2 00
N. T. Moser	2 00
J. Mc. Bell	2 00
May 19.	
R. J. Lippincott	4 00
J. H. Gardner	2 00
G. M. Adams	2 00
C. Shaw	2 00
Mrs. S. Wigham	20 00
J. Appel	2 00
H. Schweizer	2 00
J. Hoffman	2 00
S. Stafford	2 00
J. Bowen	2 00
W. Fraser	2 00
J. Bowen	2 00
S. Ward	2 00
Miss H. Ward	2 00
J. Brooks	2 25
J. Hoffman	2 00
D. Knight	4 00
J. Bell	2 00
T. B. Patterson	2 00
J. Hoffman	2 00
J. Hoover	2 00
J. Hoffman	2 00
S. Dennison	2 00
J. H. Ringner	2 00
Miss L. Hoffman	2 00
J. C. Taylor	2 00
S. Johnson	2 00
W. Ridley	2 00
May 20.	
J. W. Jarrell	15 00
J. H. Tiers	1 00
J. H. Church	2 00
A. Bempson	4 00
C. H. Bayard	2 00
C. S. Cathro	2 00
Com. W. Frazer	2 00
C. B. Goodman	2 00
Thos. Ivins	2 00
Mrs J. Carrington	1 00
J. W. Foster	2 00
J. W. Potter	2 00

DR. JACKSON'S FINE EXHILARATION.—The success that has attended the use of this ether since it was discovered is astonishing. To produce new action their patients to use it, and in all cases of debility, whether of the nervous or muscular system, it has proved to be a single instance. In addition to its being a powerful tonic, it is also a powerful remedy for CHOLERA INFANTUM, which is so very common, and has its location in the region of the Pleura. This ether is prepared by the proprietor in *powerful and concentrated manner* and is sold at the moderate price of 25 cents per bottle. Soldiers are under no want of scenes—many directors of the state that are using it with success. Agents wanted in every town in the United States, and by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philada.

DYSPEPSIA.—The distressing complaint is a weakness of the stomach, and small No. 1 medicine at $5.00 per box, caused by impurity of the blood. The gastric juice, a fluid which is secreted by the stomach, is the principal agent in digestion, and when this is deficient, the food which are of such a nature as to require a powerful solvent remains undigested, and is consequently diminished, often between chalcedony spotted or petrified wood, and the Agate. Jasper, Flint, Carnelian, Sardonyx, Onyx, stone in the stomach, chalcedony, dyspepsy, chronic mesentery, and liver complaint.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for dyspepsy, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, all bilious humors, and purify the blood. Four or five pills taken at night, will be found sufficient for a dose. Those who have been long afflicted, and tried for a short time, will not only make a perfect cure, but will also be restored to the enjoyment of every desirable blessing from the body.

Every family should be remembered that Dr. Wright's Head, of Baltimore, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton, Pa., Mr. Hall, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. Wm. Hall, of Boston, are not agents of ours, and as they purchase no Wright's Vegetable Pills of us, we can not guarantee the genuineness of those they may offer for sale.

The only genuine agents of reputation, is to purchase the Pills of the proprietor, Dr. Wright, No. 197 Race street, Agents, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 103 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, in Philadelphia, Chestnut street, No. 103, Race street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 1 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The most important news from the South, is the unparalleled success that has attended Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which, according to its recommendation, is a powerful remedy for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

Dr. DAVID JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philada. Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for the last two years with a bad cough for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice in the country, but all to no purpose, and I was finally given up by my friends as incurable. On the 17th of April last we commenced using your Expectorant Balsam, and I am happy to say that I am entirely restored to health. Through your recommendation I purchased a bottle of your Balsam, and before it was half gone I was entirely relieved. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and feel myself under many obligations to you for your valuable medicine. Yours, &c. JOHN DICKSON.

Easton, Pa., March 20, 1846.

Dr. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted

Touching Poem.

THE DYING GIRL.

FROM THE ARKANSAS REPUBLICAN.

The following lines were suggested by the death of Miss Hattie Hempstead, of Washington, on the 3d of May last, and are the fulfillment of a promise which she requested her friend to bring, that I would remember her in poetry when she was dead. She was lovely and beautiful in her bloom—pure life and full of hope as a sweet flower in the May festivities were looked forward to with youthful joy; but, had not death raised her high, she would have wept with the youthful ones who so recently celebrated the reign of Flora and the advent of flowers.

They say I'm failing fast, mother,
Indeed I feel it so;
For all seems over-cast, mother,
And my cheeks have lost the gleam of the rose;
Just place your hand upon my brow,
How cold is pitiless fate!
They'll soon be still—I know they will,
And then my sleep—how sweet!

Oh, raise me on your arm, mother,
That I may catch the breeze;
And feel its breath of balm, mother,
Fresh from the body trees!
The flowers are full of life and joy,
How rich the blues bloom!
And see my cow—how sweet it blows,—
You'll tend it to my tomb?

To-morrow May for some, mother,
Their joyous laugh I hear;
With happier songs they come, mother,
Whose songs to me—how dear!
Oh let them sing them for my bed,
I'm sure 'twill soothe my pain;
'Twill lessen all my aches when I'm dead,
That cold—yet pleasant strain.

The light becomes more dim, mother,
I cannot see your face;
My brain begins to swim, mother,
My limbs grow cold space.
An angel's landing from the skies,
He says that I must come;
Oh, mother! dry your morbid eyes,
I'm going to my home!

J. H. H.

Choice Selections.

LIFE IN PARIS.

We take the following account of a recent tragic affair in Paris, from the Boston Rec. translated from the *Courier des Etats Unis.*

PARIS, April, '68.

About three months since, as Dr. H—— was returning home at a late hour, and had just reached his door, he was surprised by three masked men, who demanded his services for an operation, and insisted on his accompanying them without any ceremony. The street was deserted, the doctor was without any means of defence, and resistance was useless. His eyes were then bandaged, and he was taken into a carriage, which, at a whistle, made its appearance, and the four were immediately driven off. After a two hours' ride, during which not a word was exchanged between the doctor and the masks, who spoke with each other in a foreign tongue, they arrived at a dwelling, at which they alighted, and after leading the doctor through several apartments, heavily carpeted, the bandage was removed, when he found himself in a chamber along with one of the three strangers who had seized him in the carriage, and who, at the time, was a mere inanimate corpse, as the imposing appearance, and aristocratically clad. His dark eye sparkled through the half mask that covered the upper part of his face, and a nervous shuddering agitated his uncovered lips, and the thick beard which encircled the lower part of his visage.

"Doctor," said the mask, "make ready your instruments—you have an amputation to perform."

"Where is the patient?" demanded M. H——

This saying, the doctor turned towards the alcove, and advanced a step. The curtains gently moved, and a suppressed sigh was heard.

"Make ready your instruments, sir," exclaimed he said the mask.

"But," repeated M. H——, "I must see the patient."

"You will only see the hand you are to cut off," exclaimed the man.

M. H——, then folded his arms, and kindly regarding his interlocutor, said,

"Violence has been used to bring me here, sir. If you have committed a crime, surrender yourself to the authorities myself about your secrets. I shall do my duty as a surgeon, but if you wish me to do a crime, you shall not force me to be your accomplice."

"Rest assured, sir, that there is no crime in all this," and taking the doctor by the arm, he led him to the alcove, from whence an arm was extended.

"It is this hand you are to cut off."

The doctor took in his own, and felt the fingers tremble at his touch. It was a woman's hand, small, admirably modelled, on one of which dangled over a magnificent ruby, enchased with diamonds.

But, exclaimed the doctor, "nothing makes an amputation necessary—"

"And if you refuse," exclaimed the stranger, in a raging tone, "I shall do the office myself!" then seizing a hatchet which was at the foot of the bed, he placed the hand on a night stand and prepared to sever it.

The doctor restrained him.

"Do your work, then," said the man.

"But it is an atrocity!" exclaimed poor M H——

"What matters it to you? It must be, I demand it—and remember the dreadful evil if he necessary not her to entreat you, she will."

M. H——, pale and despairing, felt his force failing him, when a voice, half exhaust, was heard from the alcove.

"Monsieur," it said, with an unfeminable accent of despair and resignation, "since you are a surgeon let it be you, I entreat you—yes, you in mercy, and not"—

The resolution of the stranger was so implacable and terrifying, the prayer of the poor woman so despairing, that the doctor felt that humanity required him to obey the victim.

He took his instruments, implored the mask with a last look, and his answer, simply phrased in the sincere, then summoning all his energy, he carried the blade to the wrist. Twice his arm trembled when the blood gushed forth, and a sharp cry was heard from the alcove, to this succeeded the silence of death. The stranger stood firm and unmoved—soon the hand and blade dropped together. The doctor was livid—he regarded the mask with haggard eyes. The latter hurriedly bagged and the hand from it the ring, and presenting it to the surgeon—

"Take it," he said. "'tis a forget-me-not no one will claim," he then added in a loud tone—"'Tis done"!

Immediately the two other masks entered, lastly raged anew the doctor's eyes, and led him away the same vehicle that had brought him, set him down at his door. The doctor stripped off his bandage, and perceived the carriage wheeling off at a rapid pace in the obscurity.

For three months Dr. H—— had in vain sought some clue to the mystery of this terrible adventure. Without the ring, an indispensable part of the subject of the affair, he would have believed himself the victim of some hallucination. Meanwhile he pursued his daily routine, the night succeeded that day, late night, night-mare, sooner or later, to some revelation, he had constantly worn it suspended to his watch-chain.

Day before yesterday, the doctor was invited to a ball given by the Countess de V——. Among the elite of fashion that crowded the rooms was a young man of a pale countenance, and eye of a melancholy expression, who from time to time traversed the saloons and then returned to isolate himself from the crowd. It happened that this young man, an object of particular observation, found himself by chance opposite M. H——. His eyes mechanically fixed themselves on his person, then with a frightful expression passed to the ring which glistened below his vest.

Suddenly he crossed the group which separated him from the doctor, came directly up to him and allowed him in a brutal manner. The doctor politely complained, but the only answer he received was a rude cuff.

The scene which followed may be imagined.

To-morrow at dawn, and to cause of between the parties. As this affair is known all over Paris, there is no indiscretion in alluding to it. When you are reading this, the duel will have taken place, and, very probable the explanation it will cause will throw some light upon the mysterious quarrel, and upon the red stains in which Dr. H—— has performed so dreadful a part.

The sequel of the affair, which has since transpired, may be thus summed up: Matilda and Napoleon, the former a daughter of one of the most illustrious soldiers of the Empire, the latter a grandson of a noble duchess, had formed a mutual attachment, but both families were without fortune. "If my daughter," said the general, "marries this boy, Napoleon, farewell to honor, to glory, to fame!" "If my son," said the duchess, "marry a girl, and not a dowery, how shall the noble house of Napoleon be sustained?" A council of war was therefore made to separate the lovers and break off the affair, which proved fruitless. Their love proved too intense. The next step was to require Napoleon to absent himself for a time, that he might gain a position. He at length decided on leaving as secretary to a distant embassy. A farewell visit to his beloved Matilda came; Napoleon took her hand and covered it with kisses and tears. "Remember," he said, "that you are my betrothed, and that this hand is mine;" thus saying, he placed upon her finger a little ring set with rubies. "It was my mother's," he added. Matilda answered by pressing the ring to her lips. Napoleon left. His departure facilitated the plans of the general and duchess, the former made an appeal to Matilda's devotion, exaggerated his poverty, engagements which he could not fulfill, and set forth in strong terms the miserable and dishonored old age, and even hinted at suicide. She alone could save him, in forgetting Napoleon and espousing the rich Count of ——.

Matilda, in her despair, threw herself into her father's arms, promised all, and received his blessing for her devotion.

Meanwhile the bans were published, and early in January last the marriage was celebrated.

At the moment of the nuptial benediction, when the ring is placed upon the finger, Matilda, instead of giving the left hand, as is customary, gave it suddenly to the right of the Count, and presented him her right hand. The Count started to contend for this, by taking the left hand, but Matilda immediately withdrew it, and presented again the right. The Count fearing a scene, did not insist, and placed the ring upon the right hand. A jealousy, however, like Othello's seized upon him, for a dark suspicion had entered his mind. He besought Matilda to lay aside the ring, which she mildly, though firmly declined.

The Count's suspicions changed into certainty, and a system of surveillance was organized. Soon, a letter from Napoleon arrived, in which the lover, ignorant of the ruin of his hopes, spoke of his love and their future métriage, recalled to her that her hand was his, and announced his approaching return.

The letter fell into the Count's hands, and he at once understood all; so, with the sheet in hand, he entered his wife's chamber. "I understand your scruples," he coldly said, "you have sworn that your hand shall belong only to him. Well and good! as soon as he arrives I shall see that the oath is accomplished, and that the ring is returned."

A month after, Napoleon arrived at Paris in a dark, despending state, for his misfortune was already known. Fame hence they are said to exist in themselves the qualities of men, fowls and fishes. Like men, they are upright; like hawks, they are feathered, and like fishes, they have fins. Let it not be meants that beat the water before and serve for all the purposes of swimming, rather than flying.

They feed upon fish; and seldom come ashore except in the breeding season. As the seas in the part of the world above mentioned are very seldom wanted food; and their extreme fatness seems a proof of the plenty in which they live. They dive with great rapidity, and are voracious to a great degree. One of them, described by Clusius, though but very young, would swallow an entire herring at a mouth-ful, and often four mackerel one after the other. Incredible as this may appear, the many rare sights which met her eyes. Passing down Desalaris's street, she saw a Barber's Pole, and inquired ——" is that a candy-shop?" "No," said her companion. Well I thought it was, seeing that great stick of candy at the door. —*Nantucket paper.*

ORDINES.—Home believed that we cannot know anything positively, or "even that there is more certainty in one opinion than in another," and we are therefore only to be considered as the mere connection between cause and effect, "but that our knowledge or it is spontaneous or intuitive." Dr. Reed maintained the existence of certain ideas, which cannot be derived from the senses, as the perception of right and wrong, or the *moral sense.*

REASONABLE.—A poor Irishman who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was about to take, was consoled by a good-natured friend, with the common-place reflection, that we must all die once.

"Why, my dear," said the sick man, "does that's the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times I should not mind it.

EP" Two individuals in a public meeting were recriminating each other when one, in addition to the vacillation of the other, cried out, "he can be neither good nor bad, for he never can tell either!" Knox believed not only in the necessary connection between cause and effect, "but that our knowledge of